

Amatory Pieces.

PERFECT LOVE,

by Dr. Hird.

RULES FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL
HAPPINESS.

&c. &c.



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Anno 1799.

THE VIGNETTE

is designed from "the Bird," page 18, by Mr. W. M. Craig, and
on wood by Mr. T. Bewick.

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PERFECT LOVE,

BY THE LATE — HIRD, M. D. OF LEEDS.

Say—what art thou? thou wonderous energy—
that with such astonishing power, pervades the hu-
man frame, and triumphs over all our affections. Oh!
for a muse of fire, which might ascend the brightest
heaven of expression! Then would I speak of thee
unblamed, thou mystic essence! in language, fervent
as the feelings of my soul. I feel thy elastic step
bounding through all my faculties, and giving vigour
to my trembling tongue.—Thou art covering my head
with thy immortal ægis, and under the shadow of it
will I dare to describe thee—thou art scattering be-
fore my steps thy charming tablets—I will gather
them, and present them to the feeling mind.

Shall I speak of thee in thy mighty walks through crea-
tion's ample range? The heavens are full of thee, and
the heaven of heavens, thou all-pervading spirit! But
what aspiring thought, up-born on wing of angel,
shall dare to explore thee? parent of good!—in thy
immensity—in thy goings forth from everlasting!—a
flame of love—ineffable—amidst thy glorious works.

But I may speak of thee, as thou deignest to appear,
pure emanation of the all-perfect mind! illuming the
habitations of men. For man alone is permitted to
know, and to enjoy thy refining influences. In his
breast alone is erected the throne of reason.

Thou art an holy temple, wherein virtue presides as
sovereign priestess, upon whose shrine is offered up
the vow of purity, and whose altars blaze with the

choicest incense of congenial spirits—thou art Dian's hallowed grove, sacred to the repose of virtue, in which the foot of licentiousness shall not step with impunity—thou art the Vale of Tempe, fanned by the ever-living zephyrs, in whose enchanting shades the soul of man is permitted to refresh itself, after toiling on the arduous steep of this life—thou art a robe of rapture, spread by the hand of mercy, over the chaste dwellings of poverty—thou art a seraphic flame, kindling in the soul, each nobly generous, each exalted purpose, and irradiating, with mild lustre, the whole mount of honour—thou art an immortal cherubim!—in thy right hand is an effulgent spear, drawn from the everlasting armory, whose shaft is of beaming gold, whose point is tipped with fire, and whose touch nothing can bear, save what is in thy radiant train, O heaven-born virtue!—thou art a divine paladium; a sacred shaft, mounted high against the hand of oppression, under whose expanded orb, the soul, in security, smiles at the drawn dagger of malevolence, and defies its point—thou art that delicious drop which sparkles in our cup of life, and makes nectarious the palling draught—thou art an intoxicating interchange of spirit—a dear delirium, in which we quaff the bowl of forgetfulness to all care.—Sappho and the muses loved thee—the dying strain of melody is the soft whispering of thy voice, and its loftiest raptures are the touches of thy finger.—It is thy spirit which, brooding in the bosom of rusticity, makes sentient the torpid mass.—Without thy inspiring influences, the Horatian lyre would have remained unstrung, and the Doric reed of thy Theocritus would not have sounded in the Sicilian valleys.—Not thy lay,

divine Maro! not thy sweet bucolic lay would have charmed the Mantuan shepherds, nor yet the soft warbling of thy lute, Phæbean Orpheus! would have moved in savage breasts, and things inanimate, had not thou deigned to join, sweetest of minstrels! the soft modulations of thy voice, thy tuneful voice, well known in Rhodope. And say, ye wanton gales, did not ye rejoice as ye wafted the living symphonies along the rock-clad hill?

These are but thy various forms, celestial maid! beauteous as various, whether thou art seen in thy eastern robes, with step majestic—or thou art straying in the academic groves, holding sage converse with philosophy—or thou art seen, by the muses, in thy iris mantle, tripping along the side of Helicon, and leading thy votaries to the Castalian spring.

These, these are but thy various, thy all-pleasing images. Come, then, thou fairest daughter of the sky! come, with thy train of smiles, and revisit my deserted shores. Wave thy magic wand over my dreary solitudes. Touch with thy finger yon dusky mantle, and it shall pass away like a vision from the face of heaven. Spread over my abodes thy glorious arch of pure azure, and let thy sun-beams dance upon the tops of my cliffs. Let thy setting ray leave its golden girdle upon my horizon, as a sure pledge of thy return—then will I retreat, joyful to thy soft blandishments, thou enchanting deity! and thy sweetly effulgent morning step is seen by the shepherds, quivering upon the dewy summit. Open thy clear fountains in my dry places, and let thy rills flow irriguous along my parched valleys. Roll down thy rivers amongst the windings of my desolate hills, and cover my bleak and barren mountains with thy

waving foilage. Spread thy green savannahs on the bosom of my forests, and, on jocund wing, let loose thy sweet warblers amongst their branches. Let thy silver-footed wood-nymphs trip along the margin of the stream, and thy festive naiads sport on the glady surface of the waters. Bring Favonius with his train of soft breezes, amongst the bowers of thy planting, and let him wanton amidst the intricacies of the groves. Then will I choose the cool sequestered shade, thou chaste monarch of the heart of man! and I will raise a fane to thy honour—I will encircle thy temples with a flowery wreath, gathered by the Aonian virgins upon the tops of Pindus, and thy name shall be called Pleasure, attired by the hand of Virtue.



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RULES FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

The likeliest way either to obtain a good husband or to keep one so, is to *be good yourself*. Never use your lover ill, whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice:

“Gently shall those be rul’d, who gently sway’d;
abject shall those obey, who, haughty, were obey’d.”

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of *managing your husband*. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness (as some do, very foolishly), to try his temper; but treat him always beforehand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over-sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained in this present state of things. Consider, beforehand, that the person you are going to spend your days with is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good-nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged



to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore, instead of murmurs, reflections, and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve every morning to be cheerful and good-natured through the day. If any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides, and especially with your husband.

Dispute not violently with him, whatever be the occasion, but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risque a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

A woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest to preserve and increase. Study to temper and command *your own*; enjoy his satisfaction, share and soothe his cares; and, with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Always wear your wedding ring;—there lies more virtue in it than is usually imagined: if you are ruffled unawares, assailed with improper thoughts, or tempted against your duty, cast your eyes on it, and recollect what gave it to you, and what passed at the solemn time.

Express your tenderness with decency, delicacy, and prudence; that so you may be distinguished from the designing harlot.

As you are concerned on account of your own ease and your husband's good opinion; so in your expenses and desires have regard to his income and circumstances; lest necessity should follow, and you be deprived of both.

Ex-

amine frequently your conduct and behaviour, and when you have been guilty of omissions, be more careful in future.

"European Mag."



PATIENCE AND FORBEARANCE IN THE CONNUBIAL STATE RECOMMENDED.

I am grieved that your domestic affairs are still in so bad a situation, and that your wife, by her excessive expenses, labours continually to make them worse. There is nothing but patience and mildness which can affect her. Gain her confidence, and you will afterwards gain what you please. You should never molest a wife, whatever faults she may have committed, but find some means capable of opening her eyes. Speak reason to her; seem to enter into her views, so as not to have the appearance of contradicting her; and, insensibly, by candid representations, by good treatment, by sensible reasoning, by the effusions of the heart, she may be brought to relish the morals you preach to her; but you must not assume a pedantic manner, or the tone of a moralizer. Above all things do not complain of your wife before your children, but still less before your servants. they will acquire the habit of no longer respecting her. Women require attention; and the more so as their peevishness is almost always owing to the temper of their husbands, or domestic vexations. Their tender forms demand consideration, as well as their situation, which does not permit them to divert their care so easily as we can do, whose lives are divided between business and study. While the husband goes

abroad on business or pleasure, the wife remains confined at home, necessarily employed in minute attentions which are generally teasing. Women who love reading have a resource, but they cannot be always reading: besides, most women who read much are infected with vanity.

Let her creditors come frequently to persecute her when she is in their debt. She will grow tired of their visits, and she will perceive that there cannot be a greater misfortune than to be in debt when we cannot pay. You will engage her attention by mentioning the necessity of saving something for her children. She loves them tenderly, and that motive will be the best lesson that can be given her.

I formerly knew an old officer at Pesaro, who had suffered much by the passionate freaks of his wife. When she fell into a rage, he remained immovable, and did not speak one word; and this silence very soon cooled her passions. The passionate are to be disarmed by mildness.

How pleased am I, my dear doctor, that I am married to my cell! it is a quiet companion, which does not speak one word, which does not put my patience to the trial, and which I find always the same at whatever hour I return; always tranquil and ready to receive me. The vexations of the monks are nothing when compared with those of people who live in the world; but it is necessary that every man should suffer patiently, and reflect that this life is not eternal. St. Jerome said, that he advised marriage to those only who were fearful in the night, that they might have a companion to keep up their courage; but as he was never fearful, he never inclined to marry.

“Ganganelli's Letters.”



AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF FEMALE AFFECTION.

BY — SHERLOCK.

Woman is not near so selfish a creature as man. When a man is in love, the object of his passion is himself. When a woman is enamoured of a man, she forgets herself, the world, and all that it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few men make any violent sacrifices to sentiment! but how many women does every man know, who have sacrificed fortune and honours to noble, pure, and disinterested motives!

A man mounts a breach; he braves danger, and obtains a victory. This is glorious and great. He has served his country, he has acquired fame, preferment, riches. Wherever he appears, respect awaits him, admiration attends him, crowds press to meet him, and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory dies not with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour; and last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure, are, *I shall not all die.*

A woman sends her husband to the war; she lived but *in* that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for the dangers of the sea; she trembles for the dangers of the land. Every billow that swells she thinks it is to be his tomb; every ball that flies she imagines is directed against *him*. A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desert: her universe was a man; and that man's life, her terrors tell her, is in danger. Her days are days of

sorrow; her nights are sleepless. She sits immovable, her mornings, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippina in her chair; and when at night she seeks repose, repose has fled her couch: the silent tears steal down her cheek, and wet her pillow; or if by chance exhausted nature finds an hour's slumber, her fancy sickened by her distempered soul, sees in that sleep a bleeding lover or his mangled corse. Time passes, and her grief increases; till worn out, at length, by too much tenderness, she falls the victim of too exquisite a sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to her grave.

No, cold unfeeling reader! these are not pictures of *my* creation. They are neither changed nor embellished; but both copied faithfully from nature.—The Count d'Estaing and Lady Cornwallis.



ON BEAUTY.

A beautiful woman, without internal perfections, is like a most sumptuous and magnificent piece of furniture in a room, in which are nothing besides but broken glasses, chairs, and tables, and those of the coarsest materials.

Nature has undoubtedly distributed her bounty with a more impartial hand than we are generally willing to allow. If she has given incomparable beauty to one woman, she has perhaps lowered that gift by the alloy of vanity, folly, pride, and affectation; and if she has denied to another every external accomplishment, she has perhaps recompensed that defect by greatness of soul, a love of honour, and an union of all the perfections of female virtue.



A LETTER

written by a young lady to Theodosius, with whom she is in love, under an idea that his modesty and slender fortune checked a proposal from him.

Sir,

The subject on which I am to address you is of so very extraordinary a nature, that I scarcely know in what words to clothe it. Yet why should I hesitate?—if to distinguish merit, and to value it as it deserves, be a crime, I am indeed highly criminal; but as I stand acquitted by my own conscience (that severest of judges), I doubt not but I shall be so by him, whose opinion is of the greatest moment to me. Know then, sir, that accustomed as I have been to the flattery of your sex, ever since I came into life, you are the only one that ever made an impression on my heart. When I first knew you, I thought you the most amiable and deserving man I had ever met with; your present situation of mind (for I have seen Mr. Mordaunt *), renders you now the most interesting. It will not be accounted vanity if I say, Augusta Beverley cannot be supposed to be reduced to the necessity of offering herself; but her knowledge of your character has convinced her, that the only man she can be happy with, is, perhaps, the only one to whom an explicit address would be necessary. To be plain with you, sir, I am convinced, from what I

* In a letter to this gentleman Theodosius had expressed himself as follows: "Love, which is the source of happiness to others, must now become a source of torment and misery." This she concluded alluded to her.

know of you, that the trifling advantage of fortune on my side would for ever keep you silent (as it has caused so many others to speak), were I not to assure you, that it is of no value to me, than as you consent to share it with me. I offer you with that fortune—a friend—a companion, who desires no other happiness in life than that of rendering you happy. The only favour I have to request of you is, in case of your declining my offer, that you will not wrong me in your judgment, by withdrawing your esteem from,

sir, your most obedient,

AUGUSTA BEVERLEY.



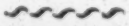
A LETTER

from an unknown lady to a young gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fixed her affections; but as she never had it in her power to make any proper impressions on him, or a better opportunity of having her inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows.

Sir,

I rely on your goodness to redress and conceal the misfortunes I now labour under; but with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own. It is now a year and a half since I first saw, and (I must say) loved you, and so long have I strove to forget you; but frequent opportunities of seeing, and of obtaining the most flattering accounts of your talents and disposition, have made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this letter, least it should fall into hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, sir, have any curiosity or desire to know who I am, I shall be in the park to-morrow exactly at two o'clock.

cannot but be under apprehensions lest you should come more out of curiosity than compassion; but, however, that you may have some notion of me if you do come, I will give you a short description of my person, which is tall and slender, my eyes and hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that I am altogether what the flattering world calls handsome; and as to my fortune, I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it. I doubt you will think such a declaration as this, from a woman, ridiculous; but, you will consider, it is custom, not nature, that makes it so. My hand trembles while I write, so that I believe you can hardly read it.



The gentleman did not give himself the trouble to meet the lady, but took great pains to expose and ridicule her letter, tho' reproved for it by his acquaintance; which coming to the lady's knowledge, she sent him the following.

Sir,

You will the more easily pardon this second trouble from a slighted correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last.

A passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer trials, or censures, than what I have done by taking this opportunity of discharging the remains of a tenderness which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your unkindness and want of generosity in exposing my letter, because the man that is so unworthy of a woman's love, is too inconsiderable for

her resentment; but I can't forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my letter, and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you know nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an opinion of you.


For your own sake I am loth to speak it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for, but from cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding. But whatever be the reason, amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name; for you might perhaps have thought *that* a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest; and how great my confusion must have been, to be exposed to the scorn, or, at least, the pity of the world, I may guess from the mortifications I now feel from seeing my declarations and professions returned without success, and in being convinced, by the rash experiment I have made, that my affections have been placed without discretion. Your real character has been concealed or misrepresented to me. How ungenerous your behaviour has been I had rather you were told by the gentlemen, who I hear universally condemn it, than force myself to say any thing severe. But altho' their kind sense of the affair must yield me some satisfaction under my present uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh evidence of my own weakness, in lavishing my esteem on a person that least deserved it.

I hope the event will give me reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill usage. That pretty face which I have so often viewed with a mistaken admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute indifference, and time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me,

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that your features are all the poor amends which nature hath made you for your want of understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent cover for the emptiness and deformity within. To cut off all hopes of your discovering who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this by a different hand from the former letter; for which I am obliged to a friend, on whose goodness and fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last request, that you would make this letter as public as you have done the former. If you don't there are other copies ready to be dispersed; for tho' I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very certain of making it plain to every one else that you are a coxcomb. Adieu.



AN ANSWER TO A LOVE-LETTER,

BY A LADY.

I have burned your letter that it may never appear to the disadvantage or your character or of mine. I would have preserved the white of it, if I had been chymist enough to have separated the gold from the dross. But they have perished together, the inevitable consequence of keeping bad company.



THE BIRD,

a pastoral, in the manner of Gessner.

Colin had taken a linnet in a thicket—he caged it first in the hollow of his hands, and then ran, delighted with his prize, to rejoin his flock.—Putting his hat on the ground, he placed the little captive under it. ‘There, little flutterer!’ said he, ‘quiet thyself in this confinement till I fetch from the neighbouring stream the oziers for thy cage. In less than an hour I promise my little prisoner an apartment more commodious.—What pleasure will it be to offer the charming Chloris this new pledge of tenderness! she must at least give me two kisses—I could not afford it for less: and if she should *give* me but one, with a little address I can *take* five or six. Ah! that the cage were already finished!’ he said, and making the best of his way, soon gained the lake, cut the oziers, and returned with a bundle under his arm. But who will form any certain reliance on worldly expectation!—Guess the surprise and sorrow of our shepherd on his return! a perfidious wind had overset his hat!—away had flown the bird, and carried with it the kisses under its wings!



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THE SPEECH OF MISS POLLY BAKER,

delivered before a court of judicature in the colony of Connecticut, in New England, where she was prosecuted for having a bastard child.

May it please the honourable bench, to indulge me in a few words: I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living.

I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches, for I have not the presumption to expect, that you may by any means be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governors's goodness on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to public punishment, for want of money to pay those fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I do n't dispute it; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed; and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances, and therefore there is left a power somewhat to dispense with the execution of them, I take the liberty to say, that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born; and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive

(may it please your honours) what the nature of my offence is.

I have brought five fine children into the world at the rique of my life, and have maintained them well by my own industry, without burdening the township; and would have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid.

Can it be a crime (in the nature of things I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it praise-worthy rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth: these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless perhaps the minister of justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding-fee. But can ever this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I should be stupid to the last degree, not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock, to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and am still willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, skill, and economy appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say I ever refused an offer of that sort. On the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me, which was when I was a virgin; but too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour by trusting to his. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this country; and I had hopes he would have appeared this day on the bench, and have endeavoured

to moderate the court in my favour; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it; but I must now complain of it as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and mis-carriages (if they must be deemed such) should be advanced to honour and power in the government, that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy.

I shall be told, 't is like, that were there no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine then is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church communion: is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended heaven, and must suffer eternal fire: will not that be sufficient? What need is there then of your additional fines and whipping? But how can it be believed that heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies; and crowned it by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls?

Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine: but if you, gentlemen, must make laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in this country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expenses of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives, and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offence

against the public good than mine? Compel them, then by law, either to marriage, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do, whom custom has forbid to solicit the men; and who cannot force themselves on husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any; and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them; the duty of the first and great command of nature, and of nature's God, INCREASE AND MULTIPLY; a duty, from the steady performance of which nothing has been able to deter me; but for its sake I have hazarded the loss of public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment; and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory.

ON SEDUCTION.

If you have been the first debaucher of a girl, you have broken a link in the chain of providence which can never be pieced again. You have robbed some sincere lover of a chaste mistress, perhaps a wife; robbed her of her honour, the most brilliant jewel in the character of a woman; robbed her of her station in the world, for no virtuous one will hereafter rank with her; robbed her of the peace of a conscience which will be always flying in her face; brought a disgrace upon her father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all her family, who have as great a right to set as great a value upon the honour of it, as you have upon that of your own; and it is much to be feared she has been prevailed on to submit to all this variety of evil, by the fair promises of unchangeable love which you made her, but never meant to keep.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN OCTAVIA, PORTIA,
AND ARRIA,
in the Shades.

Portia. We will sit down in this myrtle grove, and listen to your story with pleasure.

Octavia. Noble ladies, the pride of our sex and of Rome, I will not refuse to obey your commands, tho' it recalls to my mind some scenes which my heart would wish to forget. The trial of my conjugal virtues has been harder than yours.

Arria. What! madam, harder than to die for your husband! we died for ours.

Oct. You did. for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages they liv'd in; who trusted you with their lives, their honour, their fame. To outlive such husbands is harder than to die for them, or with them. But Mark Antony, to whom my brother, for reasons of state, gave my hand, loved another, not me. And yet he has told me himself I was handsomer than his Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and, to men, that is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been used to be loved: I was loved by Marcellus. Antony said he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget his former attachment. He was but too amiable.—His very vices had charms beyond other men's virtues. Such spirit! such fire! such a towering pride! He seemed made to command; to govern the world; to govern it with such ease, that the weight of it did not rob him of an hour of pleas-

ure. And while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high spirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with proper respect, was as obedient to every wish of my heart, as the most humble lover that ever sighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my affections from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed them on himself. He fixed them, ladies (I confess it), more fondly than ever they had been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done so he scorned me, he left me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was:—the sister of Cæsar sacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the disgrace of her sex. Every outrage was added to incense me still more. He gave her, as public marks of his love, a great part of the empire of Rome in the east. He read her love-letters openly in his tribunal, even while he was judging the causes of kings. Nay, he left his tribunal, and one of the best Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which she chanced to pass by at that time. But what was more grievous to me than all these demonstrations of his extravagant passion, in a letter he wrote to my brother himself he had the assurance to call her his wife. Which of you, ladies, could have borne this?

Arr. Not I, madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own bosom, to shew my dear Pætus how easy it was to die, that dagger should I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and respect to the purity of my own soul had not stopped my hand. But, I believe, I should have killed myself; not, as I did, out of love to my husband, but out of shame and indignation at the wrongs

I endured.

Por. I must own, Octavia, that to bear such treatment as yours was harder to a woman than to swallow fire.

Oct. Yet I did bear it, madam, without a complaint, which could hurt or offend the cruel man. I used my utmost endeavours to hinder my brother from making war against him on my account. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthean expedition, which his impatience to bear a long absence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me magnificent presents of clothes and money for his troops, a great number of horses, and two thousand chosen soldiers, equipped and armed like my brother's Prætorian bands. He sent to stop me at Athens, because his mistress was with him, and he was ashamed to see us together. I obeyed his commands: but I wrote to him, by one of his most faithful friends, a letter, expressing great resignation, and such a tenderness for him, as I thought might have power to touch his heart. My envoy served me so well, he set my fidelity in such a light, and gave such reasons to Antony why he ought to see and receive me with kindness, that Cleopatra was extremely alarmed. All her arts were employed to prevent his seeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt.—Those arts prevailed. He sent me back into Italy, and gave himself up more weakly than ever to the witchcraft of that Circe. He added Africa to the states he had bestowed on her before, and declared Cæsario, her spurious son by Julius Cæsar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his second son by her; and at the same time declared his eldest son by her, named Alexander,

whom he had espoused to the princess of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian empire, which he proposed to conquer for him. The children I had brought him he wholly neglected. I wept—I lamented his fate and my own;—but I never reproached him. My brother, provoked at so many indignities, commanded me to quit the house of my husband at Rome, and come into his.—I refused to obey him. I continued in Antony's house, I persisted to take the same care of his children by Fulvia as of my own. I gave all his friends at Rome my protection, and all the assistance that was in my power. I implored my brother not to make my jealousy or my wrongs the cause of a civil war. But the injuries done to the empire and Rome by Antony's conduct, could not be forgiven. When he found he should draw the Roman arms on himself, he sent orders to me to go out of his house. I did so, but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own. I married her daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania the most accomplished and the handsomest prince in the world. I raised Julius Antonius, the second son of my husband by his first wife, to such a degree of favour and power, that, except Agrippa, and the sons of Livia, he saw none above him in the court of Augustus. In short, I did for Antony's children, even those whom he had by Cleopatra, my rival, all that Portia or Arria could have done for their children by Brutus and Thrasea, if they had survived them.

Port. I thank the Gods that my virtue was not put to

such trials.

Arr. I confess your superiority, Octavia. Yet tell me, did not your pride and resentment entirely cure you of your passion for Antony, as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? And was not all your conduct after that time the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous, unhappy and tortured love?

Oct. You probe my heart very deeply. That I had some help from my pride and resentment, I will not deny; but I was not become indifferent to my husband. His idea was dear, too dear to me still. I loved the Antony who had been my lover and friend, more than I was angry with the Antony who forsook me, and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra and returned to me again with his former affection, I should have loved him as well as before.



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